

1. By the old Cape Fearland's stream,  
How sweet to me this idyllic line:  
By both a spot in mine,  
So is it the rest.  
Sweet in the south's fair land;  
In the central mountain band;  
In the old lands rocky strand;  
O'er the prairie west.

2. By the altars pure and free,  
By our lush deep rooted tree,  
By the purest dread memory,  
By one Washington.  
By one common kindred tongue,  
By one hopes bright, buoyant, young,  
By the tie of country strong,  
We will till to me.

3. Father! have ye blot in ruin?  
Ay! must ye drop again?

And thou shalt be such a strain  
Blessings sent by thee!  
But receive in solemn vow,  
While before thy throne we bow,  
Ever to maintain as now,  
Union, Liberty.